UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

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VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1153.

Original Poetry.

LOVE FOR A WEARY HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,

BY HELEN BEDFORD.

The weary wither'd by his flame
No longer struggles or of old,
The hidden pain is all our own
That tears the heart-strings from its hold.

The strange that sip and cruelest
Have scorned as long a weak device,
When woman's heart has waned away
To change as with a holy fire.

But on to shadows light and false
That were mainbred from its trust,
And compare the happiness and ruth
Have never blest him from the dust.
And so affection seldom spend
A slumbering branch for him to wine,
Till rooted in his dying breast.
And chilled, it dies to grace.

In haste of sadness we repine.
But here and sonny is our lot,
Last night affection was the light
Have loved us and we know it not.
But of the fleetness of our pasts
Have worn us on in gladness past,
How shall we sing the sad lament
That blessed with love shall yet remain.

Home Sketches.

CHRONICLES.

"Old Tales of bye gone Times."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,

BY E. C. LEWIS.

Some years ago, before the railroad and canal had carried the spirit or spoiled the beauty of the surrounding scenery—Columbia was one of the prettiest towns that could be found in the State of Pennsylvania. Its situation was one of the most natural beauties and rendered routine by the constant arrival and departure of numberless travellers, as yet a beautiful little town. The street is battered, as it passed my happiest days, and although now an old man and my face furrowed with many, very many wrinkles, pimpled by the hand of time, I still look upon it as my birth place, that is what it left of it, for much to say, my head is somewhat bald—yet when I think of that dear village, the scene of many a youthful pleasure, the place of many a joyous frolic—I have surprised my aged and beloved companion, by capering briskly across my parlor, inspiring new life and cheering with all the glee these youthful reminiscences inspired, until some unlucky wrench of the back or unfortunate stumping of the toe—reminds me, that old age should be the season of gravity, and that gout and rheumatism are not things to make a man's toe tender and his back stiff: and that Doctor Collins' embrocation or youthful reminiscences will not bring back to us the buoyant vivacity of our juvenile days.

Columbia is a sweet place and many a sweet and beautiful spot is to be found in its vicinity—Turkey Run, and many a pleasant grove where the sweet warblings of the "tuneful tenants of the wood" fills the place with harmony, and where the wild flowers of youthful lovers, who in the first bloom of romantic passion met all the world to woo, and to win, and that grim old sage should not find no confidence that have so much of Heaven in them. Where, can be found a more delightful retreat than the shade of the classic grove—while the melancholy or contemplative may rove, with luxuriant vegetation and beautiful rural scenery every hand, and the sportsman in the utter worthlessness of life, and where even death pleasant when the body is laid in earth's place. And where in the whole world can be found a prettier girl, or a friendly ramble, of a beautiful unclouded summer's evening than Wright's Ferry. Where, can be found a more agreeable walk and natural repast—the gigantic and aged oaks that were their huge branches to shelter, have witnessed, on their venerable trunks, the sad records of numerous tomes—no one died with their kindred earth long off the falling rose, and look and whisper the accompaniment of the dove and the sad, and the sweet notes of the whip-poor-will—the sorrowful plaintive, and the clear cold spring refreshes the parched throat with nature's richest gift.

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Columbia is also rich in traditions, and current amongst its inhabitants are tales of terror, and of the surrounding place, legends of the wild, wonderful and horrible, grave and gay, natural and supernatural. In the long winter evenings when the wind howls with its howling accord, and the snow is falling in heavy flakes—then seated by the cheerful fire-side, with the tea table all lit gone days, of ghosts, goblin and bloody murders rooted, until the fears of the babe and the child of the house, and the mother's prudence to do it both." Some of these tales, which I learned the most interesting, I have preserved from oblivion, and the fireside, and the fears of mothers' patients will recognize the tales.

The Murderer's Fate.

CHAPTER I.

"Drink leads to gambling, theft, and murder."

Song of Columbia.

In a rural cottage, within a mile of Columbia, Jacob Ellen Wilson and her widowed mother. A comfortable competency left them by the industry of a man of money, the honest savings of an industrious husband, enabled them to live in comfort as to be beautiful little cottage, with its neat garden in front, and well embellished, until (as the Moravian pocket, a good and intelligent man observed,) it was like unto a fairy dwelling. Ellen was undoubtedly a pretty girl, but it was not her beauty made her a favorite with all her acquaintances—it was the unregarded sweetness of her disposition, and the quiet simplicity of her demeanor. And Ellen or sweet Ellen, as she was called, had a heart—what pretty girl of seventeen was ever without one—seemed John Bedford the object of its long young love. John Morrison was a pilot of the Susquehanna and navigated the river from Columbia to tide water, which, at the date of this tale, was a very dangerous though a very profitable employment; and when the young man found he was over John and Ellen were to be made man and wife. All the neighborhood pronounced it to be a most suitable match, for John Morrison was a young man of steady, honest and industrious. He had been left to support and all the proceeds of his labor were cautiously invested, and when the time arrived for him to marry and housekeeping, nothing that money could procure would be wanting to make them comfortable. And there was none about who did not mention the match to be suitable, and that person was Ellen's mother, who had always been a friend to the young couple, and the following conversation will show the cause of her reluctance:

Ellen, dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "the time is fast approaching which will make you the wife of John Morrison, and may God grant that your marriage may be a happy one."

Amen, dear mother," sweetly replied Ellen, "and from the sigh that followed that wish, I am afraid you think that it is not likely to be so."

Alas, it is even so my child, I am afraid of John's want of steadiness; he is yet very young, scarcely twenty-two years old, and in his pruden employments will be exposed to so many temptations, and those into such bad company, that I may well fear for him—I do indeed grieve somewhat, it will touch my heart to think my dear child is united to one who is not worthy of the rich treasure of her pure heart and young affections."

"He will not prove so, my life on it he will not," said the maiden, the full confidence of woman's trusting love beaming in her beautiful eyes, "that he not prove the kind and true husband I am entitled to, all the evils you have mentioned, and far be not come out pure from the ordeal. Oh! mother the love you bear your daughter has made you unjust to your John."

"Well, my child, Heaven grant you may only be as happy as I wish you, and that you may never feel the pangs that touch the heart of the neglected and ill-used wife in your mother's fervent prayer. I do not wish to make you unhappy, but John Morrison is not the man I would have chosen for my son-in-law. He has that high confidence in the exactitudeness of his resolutions, that it is said the enemy of mankind delights in as the sure forerunner of a fall. And lately, my daughter, he has not that respect for sacred things now that reliance to the Christian's hope that I should have him, and without he look to that Almighty power for help, how shall he escape? I tremble for him and I tremble for thy happiness my daughter."

But, mother John is young, and when he is a husband he will attain more prudence and a greater love of religion, and mother I will pray for him—Heaven will have mercy on the erring."

"I will, my daughter, much of the efficacy of prayer. And I trust the end fate of his mother and the awful death of his father will have influence enough to preserve him from the same fate. But if happiness should be denied you on this earth—if God in his wisdom should try you with affliction and your pure heart be wrung with sorrow—my daughter, still the Christian's hope support you and the happiness after death, that unclouded faith is assured of, will sustain you in which the least trial is not to be feared. It will not be long, kind and dutiful had thou been, my daughter, and may a mother's blessing protect you from evil."

In the course of time John and Ellen were married, shortly after that event Mrs. Wilson yielded her spirit to her God praying with her last breath, for the future welfare of her beloved child. It will now be necessary to pass over his years, and to introduce Ellen and her infant in the two years succeeding her marriage. Ellen was the happiest of wives and mothers, and John was considered the most fortunate of husbands, when in the first bloom of romantic passion met all the world to woo, and to win, and that grim old sage should not find no confidence that have so much of Heaven in them. Where, can be found a more delightful retreat than the shade of the classic grove—while the melancholy or contemplative may rove, with luxuriant vegetation and beautiful rural scenery every hand, and the sportsman in the utter worthlessness of life, and where even death pleasant when the body is laid in earth's place. And where in the whole world can be found a prettier girl, or a friendly ramble, of a beautiful unclouded summer's evening than Wright's Ferry. Where, can be found a more agreeable walk and natural repast—the gigantic and aged oaks that were their huge branches to shelter, have witnessed, on their venerable trunks, the sad records of numerous tomes—no one died with their kindred earth long off the falling rose, and look and whisper the accompaniment of the dove and the sad, and the sweet notes of the whip-poor-will—the sorrowful plaintive, and the clear cold spring refreshes the parched throat with nature's richest gift.

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CHAPTER II.

About a mile west of Columbia, on a perpendicularly as a wood, and the magnificent and glorious to make, called the Chiopees. Viewed from the bank of the canal, an imaginative person, especially at the hour of sunset, might fancy himself before some vast mountain of the Appennine, and the surrounding cliffs broken and precipitous, and the sparse forest, and the shady pass, sufficient as they are by pine and fir trees, for the turrets and towers of some extensive castle, and the wild and romantic scenery, that is so imaginatively expected to rank for the purpose of robbers and staying the weary traveller. It would be a fine subject for the pencil of Cole, but as for the times, the hills that rise abruptly from the margin on the opposite side and connect to their summits in a long and gradual slope—the cultivation of the land, the fields into the bank ground, and the coaxial of the canal, and the rapid flow of the river, which continue to impress the beholder with the beauty and grandeur of the scene. But at the date of this tale it was not so much admired, for the trees, now so beautiful and verdant, were naked, a pleasant and level turnpike road. From the old bridge, the ruined pass of about sixty yet be seen running for so many miles from the eastern of the river, to the Chiopees, the hills rose abruptly from the water's edge, and scrambling through thickets, climbing over huge masses of fallen rock, was occasionally the prospect of falling from some prodigious into the horrid, that raging and foaming over and the rocks below, seemed eager to engulf the traveller, were perils that had to be encountered by the adventurous might who should the dangerous passage." But the scenery was wild, beautiful and sublime, and will repaid a sunshine over of our broken hills. Two years had now passed since John Morrison had sealed his infancy by ruby, it was on the anniversary of that day, a cloudless sun was shining, and the birds were singing their love-songs in Morrison's cedars, that he turned suddenly and was thunderstruck at his appearance; his countenance had changed, and he looked more like a corse possessed by the spirit of a vampire than a living man; his face was ghastly pale, his lips blue, his eyes glared with a strange and horrible expression, and the muscles of his forehead stood out like cords and worked fearfully with some terrible emotion.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed Ellen at the sight of her husband, "what is the matter? what is ailing you? what is the matter?" At these words Morrison recovered his usual appearance and replied, coldly and artificial,

"Nothing, Barney, nothing,—only a singular species of fit I am subject to."

"Fit, indeed," thought Ellen, never either seen or heard of it before; and, Morrison, your countenance at that moment bore the horrible expression of that infernal serpent's face that I saw in my dream. Barney I feel safe—can it be that the dream was ominous."

"What, Barney—afraid of me. Nay, man, and I have been your wife for years, and you have not feared it to day, especially after your kindness to me."

"Forgive me, John, that I should for a moment think—"

"Never mind, man; let us hasten to my hut, night is fast approaching, and Chiopees will be full of clients. Come, Barney, and having prepared for supper; and five or die, Barney, we'll make a night of it." Morrison's hut was a resting-place for the rich Mr. Thompson surprised his acquaintances not a little. His wife remonstrated, but for once he was unmoved, and he would have his family, for whose health was extremely delicate, was permitted to bloom on, her future destiny undivided by parental pleas, and her children well unprotected.

Four years passed on, in the course of which Mr. Thompson was reduced by the breaking of the bank in which his money had been deposited, from affluence to the necessity of engaging in some new enterprise for the nourishment of his family. Those of the large sums long years, the morning of their lives, in fanciful but to secure a competence in old age, and to the very time it was now necessary. seems it stretched away by the ignorance and dishonesty of those to whom its management had been entrusted, and alone form an idea of the feeling of utter hopelessness that took possession of his mind when he found that all was lost. He had never been much in the habit of engaging in any speculation, and that unlooked for blow stunned his completely; it is even doubtful if he would have survived it but for the apparent indifference of his wife and children to the change in their circumstances—indifference assumed solely for the purpose of cheering him into a forgetfulness of his misfortunes.

"But what," impatiently exclaimed Mr. Thompson, as one day his wife was endeavoring to cheer his despondency, "what is such sage crisis as she could indulge, one for four of which she herself was the cause—nothing—nothing—shall we do? I see no other resource open, even if I had the necessary capital. According to the articles of agreement between us, I am not entitled to more than a fourth part of the profits, and that is not sufficient to support George my son, and Frances my daughter, and you and myself, and there will not permit us to support George my son at college, he will soon refuse, and—what shall we do?"

Mrs. Thompson made no reply for she had none to make, and her countenance fell with a look of the gloomy grave before her. She was some fifteen years the junior of her husband, and though by no means handsome, had a fine figure, and a countenance so pleasing, and her manner proceeded more from moulded emotions than any other feeling; but she was a woman who did not feel easily at a loss, and even now she was not to be the lookout of the life. Her ambition was to "see the world" and study mankind, and in thought of failing in this object was the most unbearable to him, as it would necessarily interfere with his plans.

One stormy evening shortly after entering upon his new lodgings, Langrin was sitting in the parlor with the family and several indoor and genteel—for when Kosaus now and walking to the window opened the blind and looked out on the stormy street. After regarding the scene for some time in silence, she turned away with a shudder, remarking that this night was an exact counterpart of that on which Mr. Thompson's property was destroyed by fire.

"And what about the two young strangers, Miss Thompson?" said Langrin, with assumed carelessness, more than originally intended, "are they not expected here at any time?"

"Indeed," was the laughing reply, "I know nothing of them, except that one of them had spoken very much in the style of extreme curiosity, and requested a relation of the circumstances, which, by the by, I have since ascertained, was given by Mrs. Thompson, distorted by various conjectures as to who and what they might be."

The same year applied at the house where I was lodging, but as their appearance was suspicious it was thought advisable to get rid of them. Somewhat Langrin, when our bed finished her story. They were probably fugitives from justice, who dared not go to a public hotel for fear of discovery. Perhaps they are murderers—I am sure of it—and ought to be all locked up."

Langrin now availed himself of every opportunity of meeting Miss Thompson alone, and his respectful attention to her every wish soon won her confidence. She was not long in remarking that he was the only one of the family who treated her daughter as a young lady should, and not a doll fit but to gaze at. He conversed with her on topics that he deemed would be most interesting to a young girl of her years, and succeeded in gaining her confidence and esteem. Among the many subjects on which they conversed, that of Mr. Thompson's misfortunes frequently occurred, and Langrin was not long in discovering that he was the only one of the family who seemed to feel acutely for the unfortunate situation in which they were placed. Mrs. Thompson was a woman of strong mind, and of deep-seated pride. She felt the misfortune, but she would not allow it to be seen, and she was determined that the world should not know that she felt it. Her husband was a man of a different character, and he could not conceal his feelings, and he was not ashamed to show that he felt them. Mrs. Thompson was a woman who did not like to be pitied, and she was not to be pitied, and she was not to be pitied, and she was not

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, September 2

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. We therefore call upon all to close their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of troubling them for any new payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $8, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," a Tale of Florida, by Henry W. Herbert, gratis.

For $4, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Miss Bronne's new novel, "THE NEIGH BOURS."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $15, fourteen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage. Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $8 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The city begins to be herself again. The citizens who have been living the life of fugitives for Summer days, luxuriating at the watering place and upon the sea beach, have returned to the cares of daily business and professional relations of the city; and the ladies, their families, whose absence has made the social circle seem strangely dull, are back to its haunts on with their pleasant faces. It is a dogma of the philosophers that "nature abhors a vacuum," and it is a fair maxim to say that the ladies do not make the unaccustomed emptiness of a cherished one's place seem very melancholy. City society is no exception to the rule. The ladies are back in force, and the remainder lonely and desolate looking. Now, that Mrs. Pankinsville Public has got her teeth repaired, and Miss Pankinsville has got her new dress on, it is time to look to young again.

Summer was very cheerful. Our country friends are beginning to purchase freely, and for cash or short credit. Market Street has ceased to be a continuous promenade of fashionable and elegant dress, filling the pavements. Nearly all branches of business and industry seem to partake of the returning activity, and although all are not equally prosperous, the general aspect of town's face is low care more than last year.

The political excitement has been during the week in the full favor of the nominations excitement. Knots of men have on some days absolutely crowded the pavements in front of the Sun office, and the Ledger and their eager conversation, their various and sometimes excited gestures make the "tableau vivant" quite an exciting one.

The city and districts have remained remarkably tranquil during the late excitement, and promise to continue so. Fruit is abundant and cheap, but fruit is seldom luxurious, though an overgrape of it is a fair specimen, and as more than one of St. George's story, commenced in the present number, will be concluded in the text. "Too late," from the pen of Colonel Normand Maguire, is a capital story, the moral of which no one can safely too early.

There has been rather a deficiency of important news during the past week, but the quiescence have not lacked excitement entirely, as one or two very startling events have occurred to relieve the monotony of the week—opened them for entrees, and accessible till about midnight. The first was the destruction by fire of the elegant, and, until that event's sad work, the most splendid mansion of William Langdon was before her, looking, indeed, considerably altered by exposure to the sun and weather, but still a fine contrast with smiles of real joy. Forgetful of her tears and uttering a last cry of surprise at the sad but agreeable idea, with both hands extended, which he took, at the same time exclaiming,

"Still in tears! Why, can it be possible that you have not dried your eyes since I left you sobbing so beautifully in my room a month ago?"

"William!" the maid in a fluttering tone, gently clasping her hands, which he did not endeavor to retain. Now first perceiving her paleness he said, solicitingly,

"As you dislike compliments, I think I may be allowed to observe that you look less like a woman and more like an angel than formerly, and I do not fancy the change is for the better, though the latter character is undoubtedly the most becoming one who has so few feelings in common with us poor mortals."

Then enquiring for some of the hoarders, he abruptly left the room without waiting for a reply.

Emma was bewildered with the variety of her emotions. She was overjoyed at Langdon's return, but his hilarity and careless mood, and above all his re-signing her last night's passionate avowal, and then leaving her in search of the normal acquaintances, where he might have found a hundred things in them meeting her alone, stunned her exceedingly. Could it be possible," she asked herself, that he had intended his regard for her to subsist a time not now returned to mortify her by neglect?

The train was Langdon had accompanied his mother and sisters to the mountains as called from away, and finding nothing especial to detain him longer, resolved to return to ——, where his heart still lingered. On approaching the place, a feeling akin to shame at returning so soon, prompted his determination to meet Emma with seemed carelessness, but she slightly suspect her real motive, and on her account, even since the unexcalled rejection of the suit. Her unplanged gladness at again meeting upset that seemed those last words of gentleness, and we have seen the result.

Several days passed during which Langdon's company was the very soul of boisterous mirthfulness, but he could not Emma except in company, and then he paid her not the slightest attention—seemed to be not aware of her existence, and, while she, disappointed and chilled to the utmost demeanor, was but little less unhappy than in reserve, Langdon, in the midst of festal hot shone, and playing a chair at her feet, he seated himself and opened a conversation by saying,

"Miss Talbot, I do not recollect having imagined how happy I am in the enjoyment of your society once more."

Indeed it would seem that any little of my agreeable society is sufficient to excite you, as if my company seems not regular, one is the first time you have accepted it since I left you, and you do not seem your natural amiable self."

"Your," replied Emma, with a blushing, but when you so declare that you are happy you cannot mean to be offensive now my love for yourself, you will not wonder at mine. But we will forget it and although you refused to become my bride then, you will surely be my sister now?"

"Yes," was the smiling reply.

"Let us shake hands upon it," said he, gaily, which done, the subject was dropped for one of a more agreeable nature.

From this time things progressed much in the same manner they had done previous to Langdon's absence, at the time which he endeavored to make every act he was master of to wring from Emma a confession of the love that he now felt pretty well assured she bore him, but to no. Every direct attempt of this kind was repaid, or rather punished, by a second days of her displeasure, and it was not until the last month Langdon had adopted sufficient resolution to warn him had Emma resisted into his arms, and, on this account his silence was probably a relief to her. Emma wondered this, and while she was glad to find that her love was unconquered, she knowledge that her mother had wept at Langdon's departure increased her dislike that she would perhaps and have refused him as a suitor to her daughter; and now for the first time she sorrowed, not that they had ever met, but that they had parted. But it was long into now to avail herself of this idea and the very hopelessness of her grief individual its poignancy. Her unusual gayety upheld her through that evening, but thenceforward she became gradually sad and melancholy, though no one seemed to notice the cause. The evenings that of her appointed advances never appeared as utterly sickening and tedious as now, and she had to dread whether she would ever find one could charm her into forgetfulness of grief. Her eldest brother had not yet served out his term of apprenticeship, and George, who had a right hand, now left in office in town, and was withal of a tough and disagreeable disposition, seldom intruded upon her solitude—for although we may be astonished by the needs of gay and happy beings, a total lack of companionship can be termed nothing else. Her father and mother, though they were fat parents, had no feelings and sentiments in common with her, and she often wondered how she had managed to pass her time so joyously before she knew Langdon; and often, too, she wished with an aching heart and tearful eyes that she had given him some little encouragement, such as might have induced his return—for Emma never doubted his love, and, judging from her own passion, she was assured that he would never leave her while he entertained a hope of possessing her. Thus she lived on for several weeks, in the course of which the name fiend—for Emma, and she named, about a benefiting monument of calm despair, without a single hope to cheer her; but nothing excited her displeasure so much as any reference to her apparent ill health, as if she dreaded the discovery of its origin. In fact she began to think that her duty to her mother could not justly require her to yield up all that had made life desirable, and the more she thought of this the less was her satisfaction at her own willful sacrifice.

Precisely one month from the day Langdon left, and early in the morning, Emma sat alone in the parlor. She had been indulging in a melancholy review of the past, and the single month that had intervened since that sorrowful parting had effected an alteration in the tenor of her thoughts that no year of her life had equalled. She felt this, and turned from the contemplation of events which to all mind sensitive anticipations for the future, where no ray of hope broke through the monotonous vista to light her cheerless path way.

We may suppose that a young and beautiful girl, cared for by fawning parents, surrounded by not one, but another of lovers, and possessing sufficient wealth to purchase the other or esteem that make a part of the very existence of young ladies in general, would be apt to long but hopeless; but if the state of our feelings will not allow us to appreciate the future of fortune, we are in reality no happier than if deprived of them. Such was the case with Emma Thompson, and saving the bare probability of Langdon's return, fatality seemed void of any object worth striving for. The train of her reflections now reminded her painfully of this, and her eyes filled with tears, the first she had shed in many days, although not one had passed on which weeping would not have been a relief. She rose at length and walked towards the door, when she heard a hurried step advancing, and in another moment William Langdon was before her, looking, indeed, considerably altered by exposure to the sun and weather, but with a face crowned with smiles of real joy. Forgetful of her tears and uttering a faint cry of surprise she stood for a moment motionless, with both hands extended, which he took, at the same time exclaiming,

"Still in tears! Why, can it be possible that you have not dried your eyes since I left you sobbing so beautifully in my room a month ago?"

"William!" the maid in a fluttering tone, gently clasping her hands, which he did not endeavor to retain. Now first perceiving her paleness he said, solicitingly,

"As you dislike compliments, I think I may be allowed to observe that you look less like a woman and more like an angel than formerly, and I do not fancy the change is for the better, though the latter character is undoubtedly the most becoming one who has so few feelings in common with us poor mortals."

Then enquiring for some of the hoarders, he abruptly left the room without waiting for a reply.

Emma was bewildered with the variety of her emotions. She was overjoyed at Langdon's return, but his hilarity and careless mood, and above all his re-signing her last night's passionate avowal, and then leaving her in search of the normal acquaintances, where he might have found a hundred things in them meeting her alone, stunned her exceedingly. Could it be possible," she asked herself, that he had intended his regard for her to subsist a time not now returned to mortify her by neglect?

The train was Langdon had accompanied his mother and sisters to the mountains as called from away, and finding nothing especial to detain him longer, resolved to return to ——, where his heart still lingered. On approaching the place, a feeling akin to shame at returning so soon, prompted his determination to meet Emma with seemed carelessness, but she slightly suspect her real motive, and on her account, even since the unexcalled rejection of the suit. Her unplanged gladness at again meeting upset that seemed those last words of gentleness, and we have seen the result.

Several days passed during which Langdon's company was the very soul of boisterous mirthfulness, but he could not Emma except in company, and then he paid her not the slightest attention—seemed to be not aware of her existence, and, while she, disappointed and chilled to the utmost demeanor, was but little less unhappy than in reserve, Langdon, in the midst of festal hot shone, and playing a chair at her feet, he seated himself and opened a conversation by saying,

"Miss Talbot, I do not recollect having imagined how happy I am in the enjoyment of your society once more."

Indeed it would seem that any little of my agreeable society is sufficient to excite you, as if my company seems not regular, one is the first time you have accepted it since I left you, and you do not seem your natural amiable self."

"Your," replied Emma, with a blushing, but when you so declare that you are happy you cannot mean to be offensive now my love for yourself, you will not wonder at mine. But we will forget it and although you refused to become my bride then, you will surely be my sister now?"

"Yes," was the smiling reply.

"Let us shake hands upon it," said he, gaily, which done, the subject was dropped for one of a more agreeable nature.

From this time things progressed much in the same manner they had done previous to Langdon's absence, at the time which he endeavored to make every act he was master of to wring from Emma a confession of the love that he now felt pretty well to—for she time said

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the *Saturday Post*, under the new publishing arrangements:

☞ TRAVELING AGENTS.—Joseph Thompson, Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilson.

HIRAM W. ALMER, of Baltimore, Md., is Agent for *Ohio*, in our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Miss Mosher, Miss Mary Ann Hall, Miss J. R. Hawthorne and J. T. Dent.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson* and *John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collector for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

JAS. P. EASTON is collector for us in Missouri, Illinois, and Northwestern Louisiana.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Texas, is duly appointed Agent for our new publication, the Home Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for September*, has been issued on our late arrival date. It is superbly embellished with a steel engraving by A. I. Dick, entitled "A Mountaineer"—with a handbook of exquisitely delicate pattern—and with the latest Parisian fashions colored after the prevailing modes. The embellishments are decidedly the best of any in the August number. The literary contents are from some of the oldest pens in the country. The number of copies which a copy from the Publication Office, as her happiest vein, and that is saying volumes, when we call to mind that she is the most graceful of our female authors. Mr. Godey's success in the thrilling story of "Anne Taylor," whose denouement we anxiously expect. The author of "Uncle Sam's Log Book" begins a story of the Revolutionary series. Miss May contributes an article which we have copied on our last page. In this number we notice the first of a series of papers on "Our Female Poets." The present critique is on Mrs. Seba Smith and is a discriminating notice of that lady's genius, enriched with some of her best poems. The Lady's Table contains a tribute to Washington Allston, and in the Review of New Books we notice that justice has been done to Mrs. Ellis. We quote from the critique of the press.

"LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The three first numbers of this new magazine, which our readers are probably aware is a union of "The Ariel" and the "Lady's World," have been received, and the appearance of the work proves that the associations in the new-united literary press were well chosen. It is got up in a style which exposes the refined taste and experience of its publisher. The engraving, which has been selected in it all the most essential and desirable qualities to form a first class magazine, and added several new features. Indeed, the 'Ladies' National' will compare to the quality of its embellishments, and contains, with any of the three dollar magazines that they do. It is in a handsomer form than any of these, and on appearance would set off the centre table to much advantage. We have seen no publishing of the kind that will compare with the colored fashion plate which is given in this number, and the style of beauty and elegance unsurpassed. The work is published at the low rate of two dollars per annum. National Intelligencer.

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—Where, in the August number, Mr. C. announces the proposed improvements, and that he has secured a regular corps of writers. We heard that, as to remuneration the case with publishers had now estimated the proposed improvements, and that he was getting a good patronage for the work. We are glad to hear it. And it will be found, we think, that he has disappointed expectation, but in the most favorable manner. In typography, in the character of the editorial appearance, this number is unsurpassed. The mechanical which accompanies it is flattering for one of the publishers pursuit of the day, and the Englishman of it is a gem of art. The matter of the number is various and well selected. Sterling Coyne also produced a capital story for Campbell's from other from which will be found upon our last page.

CORNELIUS. *A Tale of the Revolution. By John H. Manner. Author of Henry Quarter, &c. The Days of the Longs, &c.* Philadelphia: *Lea & Co. and Graham.*—Mr. Manner is one of the best tale writers among us. It was a compliment to him, and to Graham, too, that "Henry Quarter" was first appearance and for some time after it was attributed to the celebrated English Novelist. This story is a strong one. Developing the events of the day with which the American reader cannot be too familiar. There is much more to be learned of the period of the Revolution than can be found in all the history of public events, and such writers as Mr. Manner are well employed in filling up this deficiency.

THE ILLUSTRATED COMMON PRAYER. *New York. Hewett. Philadelphia Agency, 98 Chestnut Street*—In this number we have the Apostles Creed, after Rembrandt, Overbeck, Bird, Roberts, Le Brun, Guido, Albert Durer, F. Barbidienne, and others, and one of every evangelist. We have not room to say only regret what we have said in previous notices of the elegance of the typographical execution of this splendid publication. It should be in every family, place on the centre table of every worshipper in the Episcopal Church. Price $5 per year in United States, whose means can command its purchase.

THE THOUSAND-A-YEAR.—*By the Author of the Diary of a London Physician. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—This romance has for a long time been popular novel is here re-published at a cheap price. To any not thing of the character of the work would be unnecessary to say that it is full of interest. Many of the present century has caused more comment, or has been more widely read. It must be an excellent work, to be so widely read and so much talked about, unacknowledging its strong allay of high virtues.

THE SEA.—The spirited little daily has been purchased by Messrs. S. C. Atkinson and L. C. Levick, and will hereafter be conducted by them. Mr. Levick is the well known and favorite Democratic Representative, and the plan marked out for the future course of the paper will receive character from the pens of the gentlemen that may be engaged to make it an efficient advocate of moral reform, as well as assistant to its sound editorial and financial management; and we cannot doubt that they will succeed.

MARCH PAUL'S TRAVELS. Even were we not pressured on favor of every work for youth in which St. Columba is interested, this work is of that kind we would compel approval. We know that no book is more eagerly read by children, and examination will satisfy any examiner that this is well calculated for their reading. The present number describes the Springfield Armory. Reber & Co. are the Philadelphia publishers.

SIMONTON'S DENTAL INTELLIGENCER, is the title of a new weekly paper, filled with matter highly interesting to the professions, and to the public at large. It supports a superior number of first attractions. The publisher, D. M. Simonton, issues no introduction to the decision of the Editorial Chair, but the first paragraphs in the hands of practitioners of dentistry in every part of the Union.

LADY'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. *September. Philadelphia. Godey & McMichael.* We have to this number, fifteen poems of music, including songs, ballads, waltz, gems, and quadrille. It is not to be surprising when the rate of Mr. Jarvis, the editor, is considered, that this Library has such a run among the musical folk.

BEE AND GIRLS MAGAZINE. *Edited by Mrs. Coleman. Philadelphia: Reber & Co.*—In the last number of the Post we published a specimen of the matter of this excellent work—Hawthorne's sketch of "Little Daffy-down-dilly." Several numbers is interesting, and beautifully got up and embellished.

☞ Colton has received NIAS. Miss Bremer's last novel.

NINA. *By Frederika Bremer. Reber & Co.* have sent us the last novel by Miss Bremer, "Nina," illustrated by Mary Howitt. It is, like the other works from the same pen, interesting, and will be exceedingly popular, no doubt. It is also on sale at 98 Chestnut street.

THE IMMIGRANTS REVIEW.—G. B. Reber & Co. has just issued the September number of this valuable publication. It is established with a fine portrait of Senator Allen, of Ohio, and embellishments of interest to some of the most spirited writers in the country.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE. *for September*, has been received from the Philadelphia publishers, No. 13 north Seventh street. It is edited by Mrs. A. G. Whittenbury and Rev. D. Mead. Its object is to guide the mother in the many religious exercises of duty.

MARY AND MARTHA: *The Two Friends*, in the title of a tale by Mrs. Ellis, just published in New York, and for sale by *Reber & Co.*, and Graham, Like and Mrs. Ellis's books, it is the best claims to popularity, and will find them fully submitted.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN, in the title of a beautiful little volume just published by Appleton, opposite the Arcade. The author is Rev. J. Stuart, A. M., Episcopal Missionary to Jordan and Mesopotamia, and the doctor of New York.

THE LADIES' COMPANION. *Philadelphia. Reber & Co.*—The September number of this work has the usual variety, a fashion plate, and articles from the pens of its accustomed contributors. The number is a very good one.

CHRISTENDOM.—Part 8 of Christendom, with an illustration, by Sartain, from a drawing by Cropsey, and may be had at the Periodical Depot, 98 Chestnut street.

P. Y. M. BIBLE SOCIETY.

We have received the Twenty-Second Annual Report of the Philadelphia Young Men's Bible Society, and from it make the following extracts.

We are the pleasing duty of the Man-gers in their last Report to note the addition of a considerable number of city preaching year. Upon the present occasion, in this particular effort we hope to add fifteen to the number collected; and this, notwithstanding that the call for funds has been more urgent than at any former period. The re-supply of the destitute throughout the country remains to be made, and Bibles, as well as well as a noble enterprise, and cannot be accomplished without considerable effort. The Society was entertained, that a sufficient sum could be raised during the present year to supply the State Prisons and place the work. This hope has not been realized as yet, but the Managers have not abandoned it. They still intend to meet the demands upon their Depository from the unexpected field of operation.

—The balance on hand at the beginning of the last year's report was $231 11. The receipts since have amounted to $2848 69, making a total of $3080 83, applicable to the operation of the year. The expenditures have been $2749 69, leaving a balance of $345 56.

Two Bibles have been circulated, during the year, 2341 Bibles and 2994 New Testaments, making the total number of volumes 5335. This is an increase on the preceding year, of 523.

The aggregate receipts, since the origin of the Society, amount to $13,894 53. Of this sum, $6750 have been paid to the Parent Institution, the Bible Society of the Parent Society. The total number of volumes circulated by the Society is 12,738.

The School attached to the Third Presbyterian Church, has continued, during the year, 600; that of the First Reformed Dutch Church, 300; that connected with the First German Reformed Church, 230; and that of the Old Pine Street Church, 150—$10 55. Several other Schools have contributed in small sums to the Society.

—Notwithstanding the great discussion in their behalf, the Managers will not permit themselves to despond; but are they disposed to relax their exertions in the great work committed to their charge, without more or command of human invention.

Correspondence.

WEED'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

THE THAMES.—GREENWICH.—THE TOWER.

We took the iron steamer "Daisy," at Hawkhurst Bridge, and descended the Medway to Rochester, five miles below London. Objects of vast historical interest and literary association crowded upon the mind as we passed every point to which it turned. Upon the left bank of the river, at the mouth of Upnor Tunnel, the force is wedged so full of shipping as to look like a forest of masts. Here are the vessels of the Royal Navy, the ships fitted up for Thames service, and the vessels of the Queen's Yacht Squadron. Here, too, are the vessels of the East India Company, and the vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Here, too, are

Gems from the Poets.

THE LAST MAN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,—
Saying, "We are twins in death proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will:
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men;
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death.
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from Death!

"Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste;
Go, tell the knight that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod;
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"

From the Magazines

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR SEPT.

TOO LATE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"My dear," said Mrs. Weldon to her daughter Sophia, "had you not better be getting ready for your music lesson. It is now half past nine, and you ...

[illegible]

... the most abject poverty. She broke a bloodvessel yesterday, and is very dangerous, but, with care, she may yet live, the physician says. There was no fire in the bare room when I went there, and the snow beating through the broken panes had collected in a pile at the foot of the bed. Oh! it was a miserable sight"—and he placed his hand before his eyes. At length he looked up and resumed, "promise me you will go there to-morrow—early to-morrow—for I said I would send one to see after her wants, and you know it would be more delicate for you to aid her than for me. Here is my purse—nay! I must be the giver in this case—only promise me to go early, for the poor thing might perish for want of necessary medicines and care. I sent for wood to warm the chamber and got a poor neighbor to sit up with her to-night; but to-morrow she must have better help. Alas! what misery exists in our city, and almost at our doors! Yet how little we do to alleviate it."

Sophia listened with tears to this recital, and made the required promise. The lovers continued for a while to talk of the sufferer, and then gradually passed to pleasanter themes. In the indulgence of these we leave them.

The next morning the storm raged fiercer than ever. The wind howled along the street, the casement shook, and the snow spun and hissed in the tempest. Sophia had not forgotten her promise, but looking at her watch after breakfast and finding the hour early, she concluded to wait awhile for the subsidence of the storm. Sitting down in her boudoir she took up a new novel and was soon immersed in its pages. Hour after hour passed away, and though she often thought of her promise and looked to the window to see if the gale abated, yet the tempest raged so violently, the book was so fascinating, and she thought the probability of any harm ensuing from her delay so small, that, with her usual easy procrastination, she concluded to wait a little while longer, and so continued reading.

At last two o'clock came, and the storm abated. The novel, too, was finished. Sophia ordered the carriage, and with some misgivings set forth. She had no difficulty in finding the miserable hovel to which her lover had directed her.

As she ascended the steps she thought she heard voices, and a sudden fear came over her, for there was sorrow and indignation in the speakers, and among them she fancied she recognized her lover. Filled with remorse, she tottered up to the door and, pushing it open, saw a scene that she never forgot.

On the humble pallet lay a pale and beautiful face, whose icy look of repose too plainly evinced that the countenance was that of a corpse. By the bedside stood an aged physician, sorrow and indignation alternating in his face as he gazed on the dead. Near him was a woman, meanly attired, with her apron up to her eye, and weeping freely. The other member of the group was Sophia's lover, standing with folded arms and a stern brow, silently regarding the corpse.

"And you say," said the physician, turning slightly to Conrad, just at the instant when Sophia reached the door, "that she promised to come here early and procure the medicines and appliances I ordered last night. This poor woman tells me she has not been here—God help us, had she come, the sufferer's life might have been saved."

"Yes, your honor," sobbed the female, "I watched for her, hour after hour, but I dare not leave the bedside, and oh! if I could, and had had the money, or even knew what you ordered, I'd have gone on my knees and begged it, the poor girl suffered so. But no one came until my little boy returned from school, when I sent him to find this gentleman, who, by good luck, was at home. But when you arrived she was dead."

At this instant Conrad looked up and caught sight of Sophia who stood, transfixed with horror at the consequences of her misconduct. His exclamation attracted every eye in the same direction. As if moved by some uncontrollable impulse he started forward, and seizing Sophia's arm dragged her sternly to the bed side.

"Woman, look at your work," he said. "You have murdered her by being *too late*."

Sophia shuddering at the pale and seemingly reproachful face of the corpse, turned away, but not daring to look into her angry lover's face, sought consolation in those of his companions. But each regarded her with the same averted look. The scene was too much for her. She fainted.

When she recovered she was lying in her own chamber with her parents sadly watching over her. Their looks seemed to imply that they had heard all, ...

[illegible]

The Humorist.

The ladies of Pensacola have associated themselves as a Sewing Society. The proceeds of their labor are to be devoted to charitable purposes. Some of our citizens visited them recently. One of them went up into the town, and when he returned it was found he had drank something stronger than spring water. "Oh, ho!" said one of his companions, "I see you're 'sewed up,' old fellow." "Wh-why, yes," said the anti Mathewite, "I have been looking at the *Sewing Society*, that's a fact."

A pedantic fellow called for a bottle of hock at a tavern, which the waiter not hearing distinctly, asked him to repeat—"A bottle of hoc, hic haec hoc," replied the visitor. After sitting, however, for a long time, and no wine appearing, he ventured to ring again, and inquire into the cause of the delay. "Did I not order some hock, sir? why is it not brought in?" "Because," answered the waiter, who had been taught Latin grammar, "you afterwards *declined it!*"

A young adventurer in Scotland called upon an old lady—an intimate friend—to bid her farewell on his departure for the New World. "An' where are you going my honest bairn?" "To Picton in America." "To pick toe in America! the lad is daft; there's little or naething to be made picking wool in Scotland; an' I fear ye'll rue the day ye left hame to pick toe in America."

An Irishman some years ago, attending the University of Edinburgh, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons; the flute-player charged *two guineas* for the *first* month, and *one guinea* for the *second*. "Then, by my shoul," replied the cunning Hibernian, "I'll come to the *second* month."

Here is a capital morceau on a pale faced lady—

"Why is it that on Emma's cheek,
The lily blossoms and not the rose!
Because the rose has gone to seek
A place upon her husband's nose."

A young lady, about to sue for a breach of promise, placed the love letters she had received in a bag, for the purpose of producing them in court; when, sad to relate, their own natural warmth caused spontaneous combustion, and ashes alone remained.

It is said that the reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire boys are so tall, is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains and see the sun rise. It's dreadful stretching work.

A young lady astonished a party the other day, by asking for "the loan of a diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations."

Young ladies and gentlemen are very plenty now-a-days, but there is a great demand for boys and girls, which, in the present sublimated state of civilization, are wholly exterminated.

Theodore Hook meeting a friend, just after leaving the King's Bench Prison, who said to him that he was getting fat. "Yes," replied Hook, "I was enlarged to-day."

In a seizure which was made a short time since in London, of some goods upon which duty had not been paid, there were seventy-two silk whiskers.

What word is that which, divided into three, expresses a partnership, a religious lady, and a noisy musical instrument? Co-nun-drum.

The Picayune tells us of a tree in his neighborhood, that has grown so rapidly of late, that it has pulled itself up by the roots.

"May I be 1 of the lovers of U," as the Miss of 6 teen said 2 a 10 der 4 leg of mutton B 4 she 8 a piece of it.

Schoolmaster. "John, spell fidget." John. "Phidgt." Schoolmaster. "You may go out to play."

Screamersville is the name of a town in Louisiana. ...

[illegible]

... was then supposed, been shot by some vagrant gunner. About eleven months after this, as the gentleman one morning, in company with several others, was standing on the river bank, a number of crows happening to pass by, one of them left the flock, and flying directly towards the company, alighted on the gentleman's shoulder, and began to gabble away with great volubility, as one long absent friend naturally enough does, on meeting another. On recovering from his surprise, the gentleman instantly recognized his old acquaintance, and endeavored by several civil but sly manœuvres, to lay hold of him; but the crow, not altogether relishing so much familiarity, having now had a taste of the sweets of liberty, cautiously eluded all his attempts, and suddenly glancing his eye on his distant companions, mounted the air after them, soon overtook and mingled with them, and was never afterwards seen to return."—*Jesse's Gleanings*.

The above anecdote reminds us of a little incident recently mentioned by a friend who, in his travels in the summer of 1838, stopped for the night at a public house in Bucks County, and was much amused by the motions of an active, voluble, and intelligent crow, who vigilantly superintended the business of the hostler. He first leaped into the carriage, apparently to give directions about the baggage. The hostler either intentionally or accidentally, left a part of it behind, but the crow, on discovering it, was excessively restive and vociferous until it was all removed. He then followed the horses to the shed, where they were hitched, in order to be properly groomed. He walked round and round them examining their heels, while the hostler was cleaning them, and wherever a speck of mud was observed that should be removed, his boisterous gabbling gave the servant no rest, till it was attended to. When everything was done to his satisfaction, he strutted off with all the consequence of a gentleman who felt that his orders were law. Mine host himself could hardly have shown more interest in the baggage and horses than did his jet black crowship.—*Farmers' Cabinet*.

From the Journals.

HOME.

When slumber like an angel came and beckoned me to rest,
Nature forsook my senses not, nor left my soul unblest;
No dark forgetfulness was there to crush and cover all,
The joyous and the sad alike, beneath her funeral pall.

The spirit of the land of dreams, the radiant and the fair,
With crown of light, and robe of white, and music's voice was there:
It seemed as though she chided me that I had dared to roam;
For the burden of her numbers was that song of "Home! sweet Home!"

'Twas soft and clear and sweet, and full of living harmony,
As in my waking hours of joy it ever fell on me;
And, following in its wake, I stood amidst my worship'd throng—
The lover of my distant home—the worshipper of song.

And there they stood—my boys! and thou the idol of my heart!
And could I e'er the stoic be again from them to part?
Such magic had that moment, Golconda's mine were vain
To break that happy circle,—aye! one link of the bright chain!

And they; my little ones looked up into the wanderer's face,
With nature's own excess of joy each clung to my embrace;
'Twere worth a life of weeping years to dream that dream once more
And meet again my household ones,—my weary wanderings o'er.

Above, around us breath'd the spirit of past years,
And from mine eyes there gushed forth a happiness of tears
Full, fast and free and soothingly the pure abundance fell,
The broken heart was home once more,—Home of the nameless spell!

But glad things cannot last on earth. The vision was too fair,—
Too full of love and hope and joy, to mingle with a tear;
And in the overflow of bliss in my lonely bed I woke.
The dying music lingered still, but the holy spell was broke.

As I awoke, the same sweet strain beneath my window rose,
...

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Tyranny vs. Toil.

FRANCIA OF PARAGUAY.

From a notice of Francia, of Paraguay, long the absolute and inexorable tyrant of that country, we cut the following. The reader will at once recognize the pen of Carlisle.

Francia had extensive barrack-buildings (as we have seen) arsenals, furnishings; immensities of work going on, and his workmen had in general a tendency to be imaginary. He could get no work out of them; only a more or less deceptive similitude of work! Masons, so called, builders of houses did not build, but merely seem to build; their walls would not bear weather; stand on their bases in high wind. Hodge-razors, in all conceivable kinds, were openly marketed, "which were never meant to shave, but to be sold!" For a length of time Francia's righteous soul struggled sore, yet unexplosively, with the propensities of these unfortunate men. By rebuke, by remonstrance, encouragement, offers of reward, and every vigilance and effort, he strove to convince them that it was unfortunate for a Son of Adam to be an imaginary workman; that every Son of Adam had better make razors which were meant to shave. In vain, all in vain! At length Francia lost patience with them. "Thou wretched Fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part even of a tailor? Does it beseem thee to weave cloth of the devil's dust instead of true wool; and cut and sew it as if thou wert not a tailor, but the fraction of a very tailor! I cannot endure everything!" Francia, in despair, erected his "Workmen's Gallows." Yes, that institution of the country did actually exist in Paraguay; men and workmen saw it with eyes. A most remarkable, and on the whole, not unbeneficial institution of society there. Robertson gives us the following scene with the Belt-maker of Assumpcion; which, be it literal, or in part poetic, does, no doubt of it, hold the mirror up to Nature in an altogether true, and surely in a surprising manner:

"In came, one afternoon, a poor shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the Dictator. 'Sentinels,'—said he,—and in came the Sentinel, when the following conversation ensued:

"*Dictator*:—'Take this *bribonazo* (a very favorite word of the Dictator's, and which being interpreted, means 'most impertinent scoundrel')—take this *bribonazo* to the gibbet over the way; walk him under it half-a-dozen times; and now,' said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, 'bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of *walking* under the gallows, we shall try how you can *swing* upon it.'

"*Shoemaker*:—'Please your excellency I have done my best.'

"*Dictator*:—'Well, *bribon*, if this be your best, I shall do my best to see that you shall never again mar a bit of the State's leather. The belts are of no use to me; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you.'

"*Shoemaker*:—'God bless your excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave: day and night have I served, and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; *y por el alma de un triste zapatero* (by the soul of a poor shoemaker) I will make them to your excellency's liking.'

"*Dictator*.—'Off with him sentinel.'

"*Sentinel*:—'*Venga, bribon!* come along, you rascal.'

"*Shoemaker*:—'Senor Excelentisimo: *this very night* I will make the belts according to your excellency's pattern.'

"*Dictator*.—'Well, you shall have till morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet; it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the workmanship.'

"*Sentinel*.—'*Vamonos bribon!* the supreme commands it.'

"Off was the shoemaker marched; he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet, and then allowed to retire to his stall."

He worked there with such an alacrity and sybilline enthusiasm all night, that his belts on the morrow were without parallel in South America; and he is now, if still in this life, Belt-maker general to Paraguay, a prosperous man; grateful to Francia and the gallows, we may hope, for casting certain of the seven devils out of him.

CHILDREN'S SINGING-SCHOOL.

INSCRIBED TO THE TEACHER.

All pleased and happy seeming,
Smiles beautify their lips, and from each brow
The light of spotless innocence is now
With undimmed lustre beaming.

Those sweet, soft voices, blending
In cadence low, chant earnest, grateful lays
Of love and adoration; fervent praise
From young hearts is ascending.

As Spring's first flowerets, flinging
In dewy beauty odors from the sod,
So, incense from unsullied hearts to God
Its fragrant way is winging.

Let it go up—life's morning
With cloudless piety should ever shine,
In gladness radiant; for praise divine
In the pure soul's adorning.

The choked up springs of feeling
Gush freely out; the heart is stirred again,
As was Bethesda, so that melting strain
Has troubled it for healing.

Most precious to Jehovah
Are filial songs of early trust and love;
Oh may they, still, the heart's devotion prove,
Till life on earth is over.

Lord, bless each spotless being
With thy most holy presence, and thy truth
Revealed to them, that they may in their youth
Walk, wisdom's pathway seeing.

And with them bless their teacher
To them the minister of love and bliss;
True-hearted friend, a generous work is his,
Of virtue faithful preacher.

Boston Mercantile Journal.

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long lived—Pompey lived to the age of seventy years; a squirrel or hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Phorus, King of India he took a great elephant which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the Sun, and let him go with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found with this inscription 350 years afterward. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven.

FOX IN DIFFICULTIES.—Soon after the celebrated coalition between Fox and Lord North, the former was boasting at Brookes's of the advantageous peace he had ratified with France, adding that he had at length prevailed on the Court of Versailles to relinquish all pretensions to the gum trade in favor of Great Britain. Selwyn, who was present, and to all appearance asleep in his chair, immediately exclaimed, "That, Charles, I am not at all surprised at, for, having, permitted the French to draw your *teeth*, they would indeed be fools to quarrel with you about your *gums*." When the affairs of Charles Fox were in their more than usually embarrassed state, his friends raised a subscription among themselves for his relief. One of them remarking, that it would require some delicacy in breaking the matter to him, and adding, that "he wondered how Fox would take it." "Take it?" interrupted Selwyn, "why *quarterly*, to be sure."

SUNRISE.

How sweet the scene!
The rising sun seems in disporting mood
With the few clouds that loiter round his path,
And by his beams, resolves them into gold—
The air comes freshly, from the mountain caves,
And streaming o'er the dewy glistening meads
Breathes fragrancy and health. All nature glows
In soften'd beauty, as the mists of morn,
In graceful drapery, lie upon the scene,
And catch, as if to guard its sweet repose,
The sunbeams, as they struggle o'er the hills—
The birds blithe carols swell along the vale,
And fill the air, with joyfulness and glee—
...

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Selected Articles.

CHING, CHONG, CHOW;

The Chinese Interpreter.

[illegible]

Dumb Language.

THE LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

[illegible]

THE WIFE'S FAREWELL.

[illegible]

CROWS.

[illegible]

WORK FOR CHILDREN.

[illegible]

STANZAS.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

[illegible]

Choice Anecdotes.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

[illegible]

Choice Selections.

[illegible]

The Olio.

[illegible]

A RECEIPT FOR COURTSHIP.

[illegible]

INTEMPERANCE.

FROM THE POEMS OF GEORGE LUNT

[illegible]

DR. D. JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM

USE THE MEANS, AND GOD WILL GIVE THE BLESSING.

W. WORSDELL'S VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS

PLEASE READ THIS CIRCULAR.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

[illegible]